

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

JAN.  
... 1897

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A DEVONSHIRE MYS-  
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No. 5

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# Latin School Register

VOL. XVI. No 5.

JANUARY, 1897.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

## A Golden Capture.

By JOSEPH O'GORMAN.

### CHAPTER IX.

Why the party should at once adopt Fred's suggestion without questioning the possibility of its being erroneous, is one of those things which we cannot understand. There certainly were caves galore in the mountains, and the one which Fred discovered—since the bandits were not aware of it—was no more likely to have been favored than any other. But without any discussion they set out for the cave. Down to the starting point, up to the place where the Indians had spied their intended prey, down into the basin, through the ravine into the deeper valley, down into the chasm and out into the mountains beyond, the self-appointed sheriff's posse pursued their course, until at length they reached their favorite hunting ground. So far, so good, but it was quite another thing to find the cave which they had discovered on the hunting trip. In the first place, they had come to the grounds in an unusual way; then the character of the grounds had been almost completely changed by the earthquake, so that they had seen it practically but once. If you visit a place once for a day or two, and in a few months return to it, it is probable, especially if you approach it from a different direction, that you will be seriously "turned around." Accordingly, you will not be surprised when I tell you that our friends were badly "twisted." You will doubtless remember that they reached the cave by following along the chasm into which they found a large part of their grounds converted. Their first effort was, then, to find the chasm, so they proceeded to look for it, with their rudder at right angles to the true course. They walked along for an hour in a leisurely manner and without much conversation, and also minus the degree of watchfulness they should have observed.

In the Mexican mountains it is often possible to look down almost in a straight line for a distance of perhaps six thousand feet. After the long devious course by which your tram car has brought you up, it is an awful thing to observe how speedily and di-

rectly you could make your way down, if you chose. Thus, had Mr. Allen and his party been watchful, they might have observed, two hundred feet below them then, five sleeping men, with a sixth keeping watch over them, with his back to the search party. Here—if the men had been seen—were sixteen good marksmen, armed each with a rifle and two revolvers, to shoot down on six men, five of them asleep. It would have been well-nigh impossible for any one of the bandits to escape, but the party were not in the secret, so the chance was lost.

After proceeding some time in this manner, Mr. Hernfaut began to feel uncomfortable, and this sensation was gradually strengthened as the chasm failed to put in an appearance. Finally he glanced curiously at Mr. Allen. "Lost?" he enquired, briefly but expressively.

If Mr. Allen had been a North American Indian he would doubtless have replied that he was all there, but that the way was lost. Being, however, a plain, practical Chicagoan, and not being possessed of the lofty impression that he could not lose himself, he simply made the good-natured, though anxious rejoinder, "Looks like it, now, doesn't it?"

What would have taken place in the natural course of events thereupon can only be conjectured, for Fred, chancing to glance behind him, saw a fine deer in the forest, which, as previously stated, lay between their present situation and the basin. Fred at once fired at the deer, and began the pursuit; the others joined in excitedly. Shots went thick and fast. The deer was severely wounded, but kept up the fight to the last moment. How exciting it is to follow the foot-steps of the flying deer! What wonder that even Mr. Hernfaut forgot the stern cause of their presence in the mountains and engaged in the contest with great zest! At last the deer is exhausted and brought to bay; its pursuers come up; it makes a dash at the foremost one, but the effort is too much; overcome by its wounds, it gives up the contest.

"Isn't it a dandy!" said Fred. "It's the largest I ever saw"—they generally are, you may have noticed.

"It'll provide a much needed meal," said Mr. Hernfaut, "and I propose that one of you Indians press it at once, and let us have dinner."



"This shot behind the shoulder must have been my first one," said Fred, "because we wouldn't have caught it for an hour yet if it hadn't been wounded pretty badly at the start."

"Huh!" interjected Tom, "the foolish beast ran around in a big half-circle, and all we had to do was to cut across lots and head it off. That mightn't 'a' been your shot at all." Tom was a little envious of his brother's fine marksmanship.

Care had by this time been entirely banished. All were discussing the merits of the deer, while the Indians were preparing to cook it. But suddenly an Indian shouted in alarm, and a moment later a bullet whizzed through the trees, and brought them to their senses. There were the bandits a few hundred feet away, evidently intending to begin a bombardment on the party. What could our friends do? Rifles and revolvers nearly all empty, a comparatively open plain about them, while the bandits were a short distance behind them, behind a huge rock, which served them not only as shelter, but as a rest for their guns, thus rendering their aim doubly sure and their shots doubly effective. It did not take long to decide. The intrepid hunters fled to shelter, leaving the field and the deer in the hands of the bandits.

#### CHAPTER X.

With a yell of triumphant derision the bandits advanced toward the deer. But no sooner had the party of our friends reached their destination and reloaded than they began to reason about the matter, and soon became heartily ashamed of their cowardice in flying so precipitately, and besides they felt very badly about the deer. So, when the bandits were close upon the animal, the party sallied forth, firing rapidly, forcing the bandits to flee in their turn.

Here, then, was the chance to follow them rapidly and track them to their lair, which was, of course, the prime object of the expedition. But their minds were fixed rather on the deer, and after the bandits had disappeared and the precious venison recovered, they for the present at least, were satisfied. They therefore retired to a sheltered spot and cooked a large portion of the deer, which with delicacies which they had carried in their pockets, and berries which grew abundantly in the neighborhood, made a palatable meal. They took the precaution of posting a few guards, and they were not disturbed during their meal.

After a few hours more of fruitless endeavor to find the chasm or the cave,—which, by the way, they had passed on the reverse side,—darkness enveloped the hills, so they found a secure place and retired to it for the night, setting two Indians guard at once or an hour at a time. This was done because the

Indians alone were sufficiently free from anxiety to avoid false alarms and keep guard properly.

Mr. Hernfaut passed his night for the most part pacing up and down the enclosure which they had selected as a bivouac, and Tom was at his side, sharing his grief, for a large portion of the time. Fred and Mr. Allen got little cat-naps now and then, while the Indians slept soundly when not on guard.

The night dragged slowly on, and at last the sun rose brilliantly over the plain. Even in the midst of their grief and anxiety the four leaders of the party could not but admire the great beauty of the scene spread out before them. To the south a flood of mellow light shone in glorious abundance on the domes and steeples of Mexico; to the north, far away in the distance, a maze of dazzling whiteness was reflected by the bare alkali soil of the desert region; while the dismal brown hills about them looked the gloomier in contrast to the surrounding brilliancy, and the sky was ever-varying its delicate tints of green, pink and yellow. A truly inspiring scene it was, and a scene that is found nowhere else in the world.

As the Indians were still asleep, our friends had nothing to do but admire it, which they did to the best of their ability; for though it was old to them, its charm could never fade. But finally their anxiety got the better of their sentimental mood, and the four gradually resolved themselves into a conference to decide what was best for pursuance on the entering day. But they were in great perplexity, for they had absolutely failed in their search for the chasms and knew not what to try next. They finally agreed upon the childish method of going back to their usual starting point and setting forth anew in their customary course, so that they felt reasonably certain of attaining their destination thereby.

But luck, that ill-omened deity which has to bear the odium of all our shortcomings in these degenerated times, was against them, or else the bandits were very shrewd men and knew the purpose of the party. For when they started to pursue their plan, and climbed, walked and scrambled through some very crooked places for several hundred feet, two of the bandits appeared in the distance, dimly outlined against the hills in the mists of the morning. To pursue these men the party must abandon their course and proceed, first at right angles to it, then—no one knew where. They set out with all possible speed to the place where the bandits had last been seen—for of course they disappeared at once—having learned from experience to keep a sharp lookout on all sides. They finally arrived at the desired spot, but saw no signs of the two men.

They found that there were two ways by which the men might easily have escaped, but on separat-

ing to explore them they found to their great perplexity that these divided into a multiplicity of small by-ways which would have to be explored completely before any conclusion could be reached. So they agreed to go individually and explore the paths and if nothing was gained thereby to go to an eminence overhanging a basin near by and await the approach of the rest of the party, but if they saw any signs of the men, to give a cat-call and they would be joined immediately by the rest of the party. Mr. Allen took the first path, and his sons and Mr. Hernfaut took the next few paths in order. It so happened that these by-ways at the beginning of the chief path all led out into the open region, so that Mr. Allen, his work being speedily accomplished, was the first to reach the height, and was joined in short order by his sons, his neighbor, and one Indian, whose paths had the same destination as his own. The *rendezvous* was a high cliff overhanging the basin at a distance of about sixty feet. In the basin was a lake of considerable depth—mountain lakes always are very deep—and size. It had no visible outlet, and its waters doubtless passed forth to the sea by means of subterranean passageways.

It was now about noon, and the sun beat down almost directly on the waters, which were of the deepest blue and seemed like a carbuncle set in the midst of a great dish of gay flowers and green herbs. Over this, then, our friends were impatiently awaiting some sign from the remainder of the party. They were not exactly admiring the scene, for as time passed their anxiety increased, but still they were irresistibly attracted by it, though they discussed in melancholy tone the passage of affairs even as they looked. Meanwhile five men behind them were deciding whether to shoot them, which would make the absent ones flock at once to the spot, or push them over the cliff, which would be quick, sure, and noiseless, they thought. They soon decided on the latter method, and a moment later the five disappeared over the edge of the cliff.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The school library is now opened to the first, second, and third classes, under a new arrangement. In former years the library was opened during the second recess, and two members of the second class were in charge. This year it is opened at the same time, but is under the direct supervision of Mr. Morse. It is very unfortunate that the time is so limited, for in the twenty minutes the many benefits in the way of books of reference are not fully appreciated by the school at large. Any spare moments could be pleasantly spent in a visit to the library, even if there were no particular object in view, but if there is an English hour after the recess the *Century Dictionary* will be found very convenient. Perhaps, also, there may be rumors of translations from Cicero, Virgil, etc., but the knowing ones say that these are kept under lock and key.

## How Billy Found Antoine a Friend in Need.

When Major Devereaux was captured after his rescue of Mademoiselle D'Aubriane, he felt that his chances of living twenty-four hours were very small. He had a faint ray of hope when he heard that he was to go to Monthicon instead of La Chaire, but this was soon dissipated when he found that Chateauvoire was to accompany him with his entire band. He saw that Chateauvoire was determined that he should not escape, for the Duke himself was to have charge of his captors.

Henri de Chateauvoire was the exact counterpart of his dead brother. He had the same arrogant, vindictive disposition as the former Duke. He was perhaps five years his brother's junior and was the last of the house of Chateauvoire. He was unmarried, but was a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle D'Aubriane, the lady whom Billy had just rescued. This lady was heiress to an immense fortune, her mother and father were both dead, and she had been adopted by her uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, who, being childless, had appointed her his sole heiress. She was a royal ward and her hand was at the disposal of *Le Grand Monarque*. It was rumored that Chateauvoire's advances were haughtily repelled by the lady in question, and that the king also looked with disfavor on the match. Billy had often heard the lady spoken of as being of matchless beauty, and her advent into the gay life of King Louis' Court was eagerly looked for by the train which surrounded the royal person. Billy's hope of safety seemed to rest on her alone; if de Melas should tell her of his predicament and she should interest the Duc d'Aumale, and if he in his turn should get the royal reprieve, and if the pardon should reach Monthicon before Chateauvoire accomplished his purpose—to kill Billy—all would be well, but it was a long combination and one whose chances of success were very slight indeed.

For a moment Billy's thoughts turned towards Antoine, but he soon dismissed any hopes of succour from that quarter, for he knew that Antoine would have all he could do to get away himself, without attempting to rescue his master, guarded by forty stout men-at-arms. Billy was somewhat surprised because Antoine had not been present at his capture; and he consequently feared that Chateauvoire's followers had wreaked vengeance on him when they found how cleverly they had been tricked in the underground passage by the Major. Therefore it seemed to Billy that Antoine's chances were not much better than his own, and he blamed himself for allowing his faithful follower to run such a risk.

The band reached Monthicon about two o'clock and drove immediately into the castle-yard. Here the party waited some time while Chateauvoire was closeted with the governor. At the end of half an hour, Chateauvoire returned with radiant face, and Billy was immediately conducted to a small room in a tower in the extreme eastern wing of the castle. The room was on the third story and fronted the river, which could be seen through two embrasures about two feet high and four inches wide, just large enough for arbalist-firing. The door was a heavy oaken one, studded with iron bolts, and with a small opening in the centre protected by three iron bars, through which one on the outside could see the occupants of the cell—and to make matters worse, one of Chateauvoire's men took up his station outside the door; and Billy could hear the tramp of his feet as he walked back and forth in front of the cell. At the end of two hours he was relieved and another took his place, and about six a third man brought up Billy's supper and took his station on guard.

Billy was so heart-sick that he could not eat anything, but sat on some straw which was in one corner of the room and thought over the day's experiences. The whole course of events was vividly before him. His oversleeping, which was the indirect cause of his capture; the pursuit; his leap into the river and his rescue of Mademoiselle D'Aubriane, which event Billy could not help regarding with a feeling of satisfaction; his wearisome ride to Monthicon, and finally the cell with the maddening *tramp, tramp* of the guard outside. The more Billy thought over his chances, the less ground for hope he saw. Chateauvoire's aim would be to have a speedy execution, and even if de Melas interested himself, no answer could come from St. Germain before three days had elapsed, and before that time Billy had every reason to expect he would be in eternity.

Billy remained in this state of apathetical despair for about an hour, musing over the effect which he imagined his death would cause on his few friends. De Marguac he knew would be deeply grieved; and he prided himself that his name would be a subject of conversation at St. Germain for a short while at least, for almost every one there knew happy-go-lucky Billy. Antoine, if he himself was not already dead, would, Billy knew, be inconsolable, for the faithful follower loved his master better than life. It was with a feeling akin to defiance that Billy felt, when he wondered how the fair girl whom he had imperilled his life to save, would greet the news of her rescuer's death. It would be with a feeling of haughty indifference, Billy told himself, with a faint grain of pity, such as she would feel for one of the *canaille* who had been killed in trying to do her a favor. She would regard him as far below her level—a mere Major in a regiment of ignorant foreign mer-

cenaries, Billy said to himself, as he began to feel how hopelessly he was in love with the beautiful girl. With such thoughts as these Billy worked himself into a feeling of utter indifference as to his fate. Hour after hour passed as he sat there on the edge of the pallet of straw, but he did not move. At length he heard a step coming up the stairs, and as the guard had been relieved but a short time before, Billy got up and approached the grating in the door, wondering who the newcomer could be.

The guard cried in a harsh voice, "*Qui va-la?*" "Relief," came the gruff response.

"My time is not up. I haven't been here two hours," said the guard.

"Chateauvoire changes the guard every hour after this; the prisoner will be hanged at sunrise. You are to go down to the yard now and look after your horse; how is the prisoner?"

Billy started with a terrible shudder as he heard he was to be hanged. Chateauvoire was to make his death as ignominious as possible.

Billy heard the guard go down the stone stairs and heard his new jailer walk up and down on his wearisome beat. Billy sank down on his pallet of straw and covered his face with his hands as the full meaning of the terrible sentence flashed through his mind.

He had been in this position perhaps a minute when he heard his name called. He started up and went towards the door where he saw a face looking through the grating. There was Antoine—wan, pale, with a long scar on his cheek, around which the dark blood was clotted—but still the same Antoine, faithful and true. Billy wept for joy as he grasped the hand which the honest fellow passed through the grating.

"How came you here," Billy said, "and where did you get that wound?"

"Hush," cried Antoine, "we have no time to waste words; they may discover my trick at any moment. It's a long story and I'll tell you later if we escape. Here is a small fine saw, I could not get the key of the cell, Chateauvoire has that himself. Saw around the lock on the inside and then take it out. You have got less than an hour to work if everything turns out well. If you don't get out, God help you, for Chateauvoire will hang you at day-break."

Billy worked with feverish haste, but the wood was thick and tough and it was a long job. Antoine walked up and down on his post, stopping every now and then in front of the cell to see how the work was getting on. At the end of half an hour Billy had it nearly sawed through, and his and Antoine's united strength broke through the remaining part and Billy had made one step towards freedom.

The Major now saw Antoine close to, and was horrified to see the condition the poor fellow was in;



the left side of his leathern jacket was ripped by a sword thrust, and there was an ugly wound in his side, and the faithful fellow was so weak from loss of blood that he could hardly stand.

"They left me for dead," Antoine said with a ghastly smile. "and they almost succeeded in sending me somewhere else, but we Faubourg St. Antoine boys are brought up in a hard school."

"Hush, what's that," cried Antoine in a hoarse whisper. Billy listened; *someone was ascending the stairs*. "*Mon Dieu*, we are lost," groaned Antoine."

"Not without a struggle," said Billy with energy. Quick! give me that pistol and get into the cell. I'll play a desperate game, and I may win. If I can get near enough I will cover him with my pistol and then I'll wager he'll not cry out, for life is a precious thing to most people, and if he opens his mouth I'll send him to hell before he can utter a sound."

Antoine did as he was bidden, and Billy, after examining the priming of the pistol, walked slowly down the corridor. He could tell by the sound of the footsteps that it was only one man. By the puffing and grunting which came from the one approaching, Billy judged that he was either very fat or else very old. The newcomer carried a lantern and Billy retreated up the corridor so as to be outside its rays when the person, whoever he was, reached the landing.

The visitor reached the top stair with a final grunt, and as he turned into the corridor Billy recognized by means of the lantern which he carried, Raoul des Vignes, the old governor of the castle, who had received Chateaufort and his party at the drawbridge that afternoon. He stopped a moment to rest his corpulent frame, and then he cried:—"Guard! where is the guard?"

"Here," said Billy, as he advanced slowly toward the governor, holding the pistol behind his back.

"Well, the prisoner is all right then. If Chateaufort hadn't said it was King Louis' express orders, God save him, to have the rascal hanged to-morrow, I wouldn't have ventured up here for a hundred *Louis d'or*."

"Bah! isn't it cold," and the gouty old fellow shivered as he advanced unwittingly into the trap laid for him. "Well," he said, "I'll take a look at the prisoner and"—the cold muzzle of a pistol against his forehead checked further utterance, and the old governor stood as still as a turret in his own castle.

In a few moments Billy and Antoine had him bound and gagged, and then they thrust him into Billy's old cell. The Major started down stairs, but Antoine stayed behind to rummage through the governor's pocket, and he came out of the cell with the old fellow's sword and pistols stuck in his belt.

The danger was by no means over, for they would have to pass a guardhouse full of Chateaufort's men at the foot of the stairs, and then pass the open courtyard and the sentinels at the drawbridge, and if the city gates were shut, the sentinels on the wall. The castle was situated in the upper town, Monthicon being divided into two parts, and was a massive structure built by the second Louis, Duke of Bourbon. It was perhaps two hundred feet above the river, and on the side on which Billy's cell was situated, the descent was almost perpendicular, down to the water's edge. The passage down to the lower town was through steep and narrow streets, so it will be seen that our hero's difficulties were just beginning.

When they reached the bottom of the stairs, they saw that the door of the guard-room was closed, so they easily slipped by there without being seen, and when they reached the court-yard, they breathed easier. Antoine led the way to the left hand side, where the horses were picketed, and selecting one of them, Billy waited until Antoine came up with the Major's own horse. Billy mounted his steed and gave Antoine the one he had picked out. Billy was overjoyed to find that the money was in the holsters of the saddle. When they had mounted they started at an easy gait towards the drawbridge.

"*Eh Bien! camarade*," cried Antoine, as he caught sight of the guard, "will we be in La Chaire by ten to-morrow?"

"Oh! you are two of the Duke de Chateaufort's men. Yes, if you ride steadily."

"No escaped prisoners along this way," said Antoine, laughing.

"No, I guess not; your master is too shrewd a fox to let one escape." By this time they had passed the drawbridge, and started their descent to the lower town.

The streets were so steep that they were obliged to dismount and lead their horses, and thus much valuable time was lost. At last they reached the level and started at a brisk canter towards the city gate which opened to the south. They had now only the guard at the gate to pass and then they would be free. To their surprise the gate was locked.

"*Halte-la!* who are you?" came in quick tones from the sentinel at the gate.

"Two of Chateaufort's men on the way to La Chaire," said Antoine, glibly.

"Have you a pass?" said the guard, resolutely.

"No, Chateaufort didn't say we needed one."

"Well, no one leaves Monthicon to-night without a pass, countersigned by Governor des Vignes."

F. H. '97.

*Ensanglant l'autel qu'il tenait embrassé:* "Reddening the altar that he held embraced by his blood."

## Military Notes.

Company drill has improved greatly in the past month. The time has now arrived when we have, in an uninterrupted succession of drills, opportunities which should not be slighted. Great attention should be paid to the set-up and discipline of each cadet, for it is only by attention to the smaller details that the best results will be obtained. The time for our exhibition drills is fast approaching. We should, therefore, strive hard to make the coming drills surpass those of previous years.

We all are disappointed to see how little interest is manifested in the bayonet squad this year. After meeting in the drill-hall for three or four afternoons the attendance was so small that we were obliged to abandon the squad. Never more than twenty cadets assembled, and to form a proper squad there should have been at least fifty or sixty members.

Although we shall lack a bayonet squad this year, we have a sabre squad. This squad is rapidly progressing, and is now prepared to use the sabres. This year we have adopted a sabre in place of a single stick, for the reason that the single stick last year proved unsatisfactory. The sabre which we will use this year is made of wood and has an iron hilt. It resembles the old sabre in size and in shape, and makes a very pretty weapon. The purpose of a sabre squad is to develop agility, intelligence and spirit in the cadet, and also to enable him to acquire adroitness and confidence in the use of the sabre. All movements are executed with the greatest possible speed and lightness. It would be advantageous, therefore, for every one in the regiment to be instructed in these movements, but that is not feasible owing to the great number of cadets in the regiment, and for this reason the squad has been restricted to officers only.

A few weeks ago we began the stacking of arms before the setting-up exercises, and it has proved convenient and so dierly. At first one or two of the companies made themselves conspicuous for their ability to execute a "rainbow stack,"—as our instructor termed it,—a term which any one would perceive was not a compliment. All stacks should be made in a straight line, and the cadets making them should remain in their places to insure success. Happily, however, few "rainbow stacks" occurred.

"Where's the signal corps?" has been an oft repeated question. The only answer seems to be that there has been great delay in forwarding the signal flags. The squad has been given one of the vacant rooms in which to drill during the drill hour. This is the way the drill is conducted: With lamentable absence of military etiquette the commanding officer is escorted to his chair. Then, "in

his superior way," he proceeds to examine each cade individually by giving him certain commands to execute. If the cadet does well he gives him a mark of 5; if not, 0. But fortunately no approbation cards are endangered by this system of marking.

The school colors are to be adopted in the make up of signal flags. There will be a white centre-piece with a large purple border.

The flags are expected to be sent to the school soon, and also a bugle for our regimental bugler, J. E. Russell. When the bugle arrives, its sonorous notes will reverberate through the drill-hall; and let us hope that it will arouse military enthusiasm enough to form the wished-for bayonet squad.

On the 5th of January a very interesting and instructive ceremony took place at the G. A. R. hall, Dorchester, which was the public installation of the officers-elect of the Benj. Stone, Jr., Post 68, G.A.R. Two of our instructors, Mr. E. P. Jackson and Capt. J. T. Paget, are members of this Post. The latter, who was re-elected commander for the ensuing year, was installed with great ceremony. Then the installation of the other officers immediately followed. After the installation, a repast was served. Among the many guests present were, Col. Leo J. Logan Major C. W. Nichols of Boston Latin School, and Majors Cook and Whitem of English High School. To a toast to the Boston Latin School Regiment, Col. Leo J. Logan responded in a short speech in which he spoke of the military efficiency of his regiment, and assured the old veterans who were present that the members of the Boston Latin School Regiment of '97 were just as loyal, as patriotic, as willing and eager to serve their country—should they be called upon to do so—as were the youth of '61. And, though the cadets were ready and willing to give their lives in the service of their country, and to uphold the cause of virtue and good government, yet he hoped that the country might never again be involved in bitter war, but that it might thrive and prosper under the protection of peace, and that the cadets of to-day might enter the world battling for the right cause, not as soldiers but as good citizens, for "Peace hath her victories, no less renown'd than war."

LEO JAMES LOGAN.

Again the cold has driven us from school. This time, as it proved, we were doubly fortunate for Thursday, December 24, will go down in history as the day of the West End strike, which became general at twelve o'clock. Thus we fortunate ones had the advantage of the cars, while our rivals of the E. H. S. and the fair members of the Girls' High and Latin Schools had to make the best of it on foot.



# The Latin School Register.

JOSEPH O'GORMAN . . . . . Editor-in-Chief  
DAVID DALY . . . . . Business Manager

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

FLAVEL SHURTLEFF . . . . . Literary  
LEO JAMES LOGAN . . . . . Military  
B. E. WOOD . . . . . Sporting

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

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JANUARY, 1897.

THE next five months of the year, and particularly the next three months, are the most important of the year. January, February, and March are three unbroken months of good hard work, in which probations—if there are any such—should be removed, and prizes are won. It is a good time to lay a solid foundation for next year which will bridge you over such period— as the football season. The second class will not regret it if they make the most of this time, for such of them as neglect this warning will receive many a disagreeable chill when a teacher comes into the room about six minutes past nine and says, "A Harvard, boys!"

It is rumored that next year there will be established an "athletic probation," and when a player is under the ban he cannot represent the school in any athletic contest. This is undoubtedly an excellent plan, but its effect on the teams remains to be seen. It is not known what standard of excellence is to be required, but it would be hardly fair to make it the same as the ordinary standard. Some consideration should be granted the players. The measure may have the desired effect of inducing the athletes to attend to their lessons, or it may hasten their departure from the school.

THE school library is now open every recess to the upper classes. No school in Boston can boast of such an excellent establishment. On the shelves are to be found all sorts of books, from old and yellow editions of the most scholarly nature down to such books as "*Cinder-path Tales*," and "*With Clive in India*." The scholars should appreciate this advantage and frequent the library as much as possible.

THE chief exercises of the school year are rapidly approaching,—those of the class day celebration. The committee is hard at work and will doubtless prepare a program befitting the largest class the school has ever had. The drill, also, will be an attractive feature of the day, and to all appearances this is a banner year in the military line. It is to be hoped, however, that the prohibition of the humorous in the exercises will not be so extended as to render the occasion little different from an ordinary Public Declamation.

It is human nature to hit back when you are struck, but it is considered good policy among journalists to take advice in good spirit and profit by it, and if you do feel hurt don't, above all things, let any one know it, but wait until you have a chance to return the compliment. It is very ungallant of the High School boys to hit back at the girls when the latter give some well-needed sisterly advice.

THE previous editorial reminds us to thank *The Distaff* and others for the handsome compliments they have paid us. They were exceedingly satisfactory to our vanity, and if we kept an "Exchange" column we would return them with interest, which we could conscientiously do in all cases.

FOR the benefit of next year's staff we shall state that a few papers (notably *The Mercury*, which contains a squib every month to that effect) think our type is too small. This is a matter of taste and eyesight. The editors are personally well satisfied with their choice. The type in which our paper is set certainly looks neater than any other. A size larger, when leaded (as it would have to be for the sake of appearance) would cause a great diminution in the amount of matter, and would not look well on so small a page as ours. An ordinary person would have no difficulty in reading our paper, and we do not advocate a change. Still, we submit these opinions for the benefit of the staff of '98.

WHAT peculiar obituaries one sees nowadays. It is pardonable to suspect that a certain committee were moved quite as much by a spirit of self-aggrandizement as sorrow for the late lamented when they began their notice with the graceful statement that they took up the matter because no one else showed any interest in it.

THE editor is working on the publication of a book called, "*Humors of the Campaign*." It will be very interesting to all future candidates for football captaincies.

## Athletic Notes.

There is comparatively little going on this month in athletics, so this article will be chiefly devoted to things which are to occur in the future.

Teevens will captain the football team next fall. He will undoubtedly make an energetic and earnest captain. He has an attractive personality, and should be unusually successful in bringing out good men. He will start in next year to win, and his dash and spirit will do more than even the good training they will receive to make the men play their best even under the most adverse circumstances. His magnificent plunges into the line in the High School game are still fresh in the minds of all, and there is little doubt that he will bring out a creditable team, for the spirit of the leader is more than half the battle. He will have the full support and sympathy of the team next year, and doubtless of the school also. It will be his task to bring out a heavy line in our team this year. We will not be here next year to see him, but we shall, nevertheless, take great interest in his work, and he has our best wishes for his success.

A. W. Lincoln is captain of the track team. He is a most energetic leader, and if there is anything in the team there could not be a better one to bring it out. The team has not yet settled down to hard work for the reason that the school has not taken sufficient interest in the team. There is not a boy in the school who can not do well in some event and the only trouble lies in the general apathy. Now let every one come out and take a little healthy exercise. There will be handicaps in the school meet, and the poorest runner in the school has just as good a chance as any one. The Latin School has as many good runners as any other school in the city, if they would only come out. There is not as yet enough settled about the team to publish anything about the individuals, but next month we hope to give a list and criticism of the candidates.

J. A. O'G.

For boys whose limited leisure does not permit them to read the newspapers, *The Youth's Companion* is a desirable and useful publication. Beside its host of good stories and amusing anecdotes, it affords, in its columns on natural science and on current events a compressed account of all the occurrences of the day which it is wholesome for us to know. It has many good and original features in prospect for 1897, and will form a valuable addition to any boy's reading.

Training for the indoor meet began in earnest Wednesday, Jan. 6. The aspirants were chiefly from the lower classes, but the occurrence of a school meet will undoubtedly bring out the athletes of the upper classes.

## Just a Little Walk Up Town.

I thought I'd go in town, so I put on my hat and went out. I suppose, according to a very proper column in a certain paper published in Philadelphia, that I shouldn't have put my hat on in the house. But I won't back down; I did put my hat on before I went out.

As usual, on the front steps I examined my pockets, and found that I had twenty-five cents. This I deemed quite sufficient, there being ten cents for car fare and fifteen cents for coffee and beans at Denney's. And, furthermore, I told myself that if I had no money I should spend none foolishly.

It was one of those warm spring days that Boston occasionally indulges in about the second week in February; the mud was deep, soft and ever-present. I was encumbered with neither umbrella nor rubbers, for I never try to circumvent the uncertainty of the weather, feeling that so unstable a thing is not worthy of the slightest consideration. It's a new district out where I live, and as yet they have put in no sidewalks. The curbstones are all in, however, and you can get along very well if you don't meet anybody and your feet aren't too big. If you see a man coming you can put your head down and forge away, and 'most every time he'll get off. But if you see a woman, you must get off in the mud, and smile while she goes by. I met three women, and when I boarded the car the mud was within a quarter of an inch of the uppers of my shoes, and a quarter of an inch thick.

I struck up a conversation with the fellow that sat next to me in the car. He was a very interesting fellow, and told me a good many things—family affairs, mostly. If you pick up a conversation with a man, you are sure to learn all about his family affairs. You begin on the weather, invariably. Then you ask him if he is a native; he either is or isn't. If he is, you are at home with him at once, and the subjects for conversation are numberless. If he isn't, he'll tell you all about the place where he was born and brought up. This of course puts you on strange ground, and you can't talk on an equal footing with him. You can't pretend to know the place as he does, for if you speak of the old parson, nine times out of ten the parson was a young one; and you can't speak of the corner store, for probably the store wasn't on a corner at all. Then there's the church, the town pump, the school-house, the little brook where you used to fish, and the little hill behind which the sun used to set. These are all stock topics of the places where we were born and brought up, but you can't be sure of the particulars concerning them if you have never seen them.

I've tried to carry my end of a conversation about which I knew nothing whatever two or three times, and every time I've come out the little end of the horn. So when you get in a like position I advise you either to change the subject or let the other fellow do all the talking. In speaking of the town in which your childhood's days were spent, you speak of the above-mentioned things first; then you drift down to details, such as nutting excursions, sleigh rides and sweethearts, and you wonder if so-and-so married such-and-such a girl, and ever so many other things that don't interest anybody but yourself.

If your man is a good talker you don't get any further, but if he is slow with his tongue you'll have time to ask him what he thinks about free silver, the single land tax and the Armenian question. If you're a swearing man you can say a good word for the Turks, but if you don't swear you can bluster and say that England doesn't dare to fight America, and that all the flying squadrons can be hanged. If you feel like it, you can give the poet laureate Austin a dig. Naturally you will comment on the Russian policy, and wonder if the Cubans will get their independence after all, and if that man really did reach the north pole. And the more you talk, the more there'll be to say. That's the way I generally find it, and the fellow I met on the car that day wasn't an exception—in fact, he was a little better than the average. He talked Doctor Parkhurst, Clara Barton, and the liquor question principally, but he never said a word about any of them until he had acquainted me with his family affairs.

I was sorry when I got off the car, for he was a very interesting fellow and we both said we hoped we'd run up against each other some other time, and we kept on saying it until the conductor told us to hurry up. You never ask a chance acquaintance like that what his name is or where he lives. There's only one chance acquaintance that you ever see again, and he's the fellow you save from committing suicide. You take him home and treat him like a brother, and if you've got a sister he marries her.

I always get off at Northampton street and walk up Washington, there's always so much to see and hear. As it happened that day I didn't have a thought worth thinking, or see a thing worth seeing until I reached the Grand Opera House. This theatre has a peculiar charm for me because it was there that my early aspirations to become an actor were set aside. It is the only theatre whose stage I was ever on. It was Sunday night, and the occasion was a concert given by a choir of which I was a member. We boys wandered around behind the scenes and in front of the scenes, and examined everything and poked into everything. There was no ceiling, apparently, and all you could see was rafters and beams—and black. Everything was

gloomy and dark. The scenery had holes in it, and the paint was scraped off in places. After the people came in we peeped through the holes at them. It was the first time that any of us had been on a stage, and we all whispered. We walked on tiptoe so that the audience wouldn't hear us. I wanted to get into one of the boxes, but saw no way except by a jump that I didn't dare try; and, besides, all the people would have seen me if I had done that. We had to go through a long black alley-way to get in. I had expected something different and was disappointed; so much so, in fact, that I haven't had one aspiration towards the stage since. I might have become a great actor if it hadn't been for that—at least I had the intention of becoming one before that visit to the Grand Opera House drove it out.

It never rains but it pours, and so right after the Grand Opera House came the Grand Dime. I had never been in the Grand Dime, and thought I'd go in, but as I didn't have the money and it wasn't open, I didn't. I leaned up against the railing of the tobacco store that is opposite and looked up at the clock. When I had seen the time I kept on leaning, and thought I could remember when this had been the old Windsor Theatre. I had never been in the old Windsor but once, and that was one Fourth of July, when I went on one of those tickets that they give the school children. The whole thing came back to me now, and there on the sidewalk I saw hundreds of children, all pushing, crowding, and jostling to get near the door. And there I was, right in the midst of it all, pushing and laughing with the rest. And there were Tom and Jack beside me. Then the doors were thrown open, and slowly but surely the crowd of youngsters pushed in and surged up the stairs. We got seats in the centre of the first balcony. No one except those who were fortunate enough to get seats in the front row thought of sitting down, unless it was on the backs of the seats. There was much hooting before the curtain went up, for the first-row boys taunted the others because they had failed to get front seats, and were told in reply to wait "till they got out." There were one or two fights that the policeman instantly quelled, and the girls trilled across the house at each other. A few of the little ones cried and were told by as many elder brothers or sisters, as it happened to be, to "shut up and wait for the show," which was to be Professor Somebody's trained horses. One fellow near us had wormed his way in without giving up his ticket, and he was voted a lucky chap for he could go to some other show.

The horses were grand. There was one that could beat us all out at arithmetic, and could write with a piece of chalk on a blackboard. One horse could waltz, and we couldn't do that. Then they lined up across the stage, each one resting his head



over the neck of the horse in front. That was another thing we couldn't do. (We tried it afterwards, but our necks weren't long enough to lap over the next fellow's, and we had to be satisfied with placing our foreheads in the napes of each other's necks. We didn't fit very well some being taller than others, and Tom's sister said I didn't look a bit pretty.) Then came the great court scene, with the donkey who wagged his head up and down.

But the best of all was the taking of the fort. Anything with a fight in it appeals to a boy, and this was grand. There were guns fired, and the horses ran around and stamped, and there was smoke, and finally one horse came in with a white flag, which some boy near said was a flag of truce, though what a flag of truce might be we didn't know. We didn't think much of that flag, anyway, for the fight stopped when it came in. The curtain went down amidst applause that nearly shook the draperies painted on it smooth. Once more the doors were filled with a wriggling mass of diminutive humanity, shouting out the merits of Professor Somebody and his horses. And then—but of course I couldn't stand there in front of the tobacco store and think forever, so I put a stop on the memories that crowded before me faster than I could dispose of them, and once more sauntered down Washington street.

I walked slowly with my hands in my pockets, looking in front of me and across the street and behind me and above me—my head always turns about like that when I'm walking—and presently I saw a big transparency on which I read, "Rooms, fifteen to fifty cents a night."

My uncle once told me all about those places. I never was in one, and I shouldn't have believed that my uncle had been if he hadn't told me so himself. You go in and find yourself in a long room. Every three feet or so there is a rope stretched across the room. Then you give the keeper whatever price you wish to pay, go to the rope he points out and hang over it and go to sleep. I told my uncle that I should think that it would be uncomfortable, but he said that, though it was strange at first, one soon became accustomed to it, and then it was extremely hard to change back to a bed. He said that he had known men who had been suddenly lifted from their poverty to be unable to sleep on a bed, they had become so accustomed to hanging over a rope; and that they had had big ropes made, all covered with velvet, and had big soft pillows all over the floor so that if they should slip off the rope in the night they wouldn't hurt themselves.

It was very interesting, but I was puzzled about one thing, and so I asked my uncle what the difference was between a fifteen-cent rope and a fifty-cent rope. He said that the fifteen-cent ropes were nothing more or less than clothes-lines, and that unless you knew the way you were liable to get cut in hanging over them. The ropes varied in size as the price advanced until the fifty-cent ropes were reached. These ropes, he said, were huge cables, and had a kind of saddle on them. My uncle told me that for one who had never tried it it was quite impossible to get even the merest notion of the peace and comfort to be had by hanging over a fifty-cent rope. I've always wished to hang over a fifty-cent rope. On the cheaper ropes, he told me, the men were accustomed to place a couple of their handkerchiefs or one of their extra shirts to lessen the cutting. He advised me to go home and get a

sofa pillow if ever I should be under the necessity of hanging over a fifteen-cent rope. My uncle is rather a funny man, and when he talks to you he has such a funny little twinkle in his eye that you don't know whether to believe him or not, and for this reason I won't vouch for the accuracy of the above statements in regard to the place I saw on Washington street.

AUGUSTINE HERBERT.

Professor Osgood of Harvard College visited the school a few weeks ago and took great interest in the mathematics of the upper classes, this being his department at Cambridge. He is an old Latin School boy, and has promised to call again and watch our progress.

### Athletic Notes.

Ratschesky is now studying at B. A. Frye's school of languages.

Cole has been elected captain of Hoppy's football team.

Hoppy won her protest against C. M. T. S., but ours and High School's were refused on account of defective wording.

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## A Devonshire Mystery.

I had known Major John Hall for years. We had gone to Eton and Cambridge together. I may say that I never had a better friend than he. Now he is gone, and with a heavy heart I record what little I know of his death.

Major Hall had served with distinction in India during the late outbreak, and for several years after it; yet, though he was a brave and capable officer, Sepoys would desert rather than serve under him. The natives regarded him with a mixture of fear and hatred. He resigned shortly after some trouble with the Brahmin priests out there, which the authorities smoothed over. Then he came home to England and settled down on his paternal estate in Devonshire.

His grounds were extensive, his manor magnificent, and yet he did not seem contented. He never married, nor ever frequented society. Whenever I asked him the reason for this he would only shake his head and say that he feared he was not going to live long. This state of affairs continued for over five years, during which time he converted the manor into an arsenal. For this he would assign no reason, saying merely that it was his hobby. In the country-side he passed for eccentric, and at times I had doubts as to my friend's sanity.

I was in London attending to certain business when a letter, written in a hand that I scarcely recognized as the Major's, reached me. It said that he was going to die in a very short time, and that he wished to see me before he died. I had heard this story before and put no very great faith in it, but nevertheless resolved to go as soon as my affairs were settled. In the morning I received a telegram from his butler which changed all my plans. It ran thus: "Please come at once: master's gone raving mad." I took a cab to the Waterloo station, and soon after started for Devonshire. When I arrived I found my friend perfectly sane, as he seemed to me, but giving evidence of a great nervous strain. He was very glad to see me, and made me comfortable at once. He then introduced a physician who had been attending him lately, and stated that he had been suffering from nervous prostration.

That night we had a long talk over our school and college days. Towards eleven o'clock, just as we were about to separate, he said: "Fred, I'm going to die now." I laughed at him, and asked him what made him think so. "This," said he, and he produced a heavy silver ring. "That?" said I, wonderingly. "Yes," he replied, "it's a message of death. I've repented in sackcloth and ashes, but it's no good. Don't ask me about it; I can't bear to talk." I took it in my hand. Immediately some

unaccountable feeling of repugnance crept over me. I was about to return the ring when I saw, to my intense horror, that the features of my poor friend were fearfully distorted and his hands were clutching the arms of his chair with terrific force. I shouted for the doctor, and he came at once. After some time the fit passed off, and the Major was sufficiently recovered to be put to bed. The silver ring I put in my pocket. Then I, too, retired just as midnight struck.

My sleep was troubled that night, and I awoke early. I arose, dressed, and prepared for breakfast. By chance I put my hand in my pocket and found that the ring was missing. This troubled me not a little, for I was very curious to examine it further. However, I went down to breakfast. My host was present and unnecessarily apologized for the episode of the previous evening. Then, to my great surprise, he drew the silver ring from his pocket and gave it to me for further examination. I said nothing, but took it. That same nauseating feeling took possession of me again, but I examined the trinket closely. It was a plain silver band with three or four strange looking characters upon it. I asked permission to retain it temporarily. It was granted with a look that I could not fathom. I put it in an inner pocket, and then took a walk around the grounds, which occupied my time until dinner. After dinner I retired to my room to examine again the ring that seemed to have such a bearing on my poor friend. I put my hand in my pocket. *It was gone.*

We retired early that night. The doctor slept in the room at my right; the Major slept at the other end of the corridor. That night I woke up with the feeling that something was wrong. A gentle knock at my door scared me somewhat, but it was only the doctor, who had been awakened in much the same way as myself. "Something is wrong," we both declared.

"Listen!" said the doctor. A low, sighing noise issued from the Major's room, accompanied by a pleasing aromatic odor. We lighted a lamp, determined to see if anything ailed the Major. As we opened his door the clocks struck one. We hesitated till the last faint echoes died away. Then all was still,—so still. We opened the door. In his cane-chair, staring us out of countenance, sat the Major, tried veteran of a dozen campaigns,—dead. And that silver ring was on his right hand. I distinctly saw its gleam. We lifted him to his bed and then rang for the housekeeper, who assisted us in putting things to rights. I called the doctor's attention to the silver ring and, as I live, it was gone. We hunted high and low, but it was gone forever.

Well, I remained until after the funeral, and then I returned to London. In yesterday's *Times* I saw that the house of the late Major John Hall of Devonshire was burned to the ground. The origin of the fire has not been learned. F., '98.

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